Trick of the Mind

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Trick of the Mind

By esacpingonwords

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Table of Contents

1. Trick of the Mind (1) 5

2. Trick of the Mind (2) (Jealously already.) 15

3. Trick of the Mind (3) (Two Brothers, One Girl, spells trouble.) 29

4. Trick of the Mind (4) (what you get for plaing games) 43

5. Trick of the Mind (5) (Getting even) 59

Chapter 1

Trick of the Mind (1)

My footsteps echoed down the empty hallway, eyes scanning for the right room number, sighing when I found it. My hand paused on it's handle, deeply dreading what lay in store for me behind it. I took one deep breath and opened the door.

The reaction was nothing less than I expected it to be. Head swiveled toward me, all eyes judging my looks and movements. My face showed the perfect mix between sarcasm and I-don't-really-give-a-shit-about-what-you-think-about-me expression. My eyes surveyed the people in the room, and everyone living up to exactly what I expected. You had your loners, druggies, and emos in the far back, also in the back,

but clearly avoiding those unlike them were the jocks who mingled with bitchy cheerleader types. In the middle sat the I'm-not-a-loser-but-I-don't-rule-the-school-either crowd, and last but not least, you had your teacher's pets, computer geeks, and your nerds. I mentally shook my head sadly, the schools may changed but the cliques and the people in them never did.

Considering this was my 5th school change in 3 years of high school, I knew this pretty damn well. Finally finishing surveying the room I glanced at my homeroom teacher. Male, late forties, in desperate need of a hair cut, new glasses (considering his were taped together), and looking at me with an expectant expression.

Remembering my manners, which were limited, I said, "Um, hi, my name is Lia Malios and I'm new?" Desperately hoping that a good enough answer and he would let me take a seat. I should have known better.

"Right, right! I remember now!" he exclaimed looking flustered as he searched around from some papers,

he found them and handed them to me, "Here's your schedule and school rules, why don't you tell the class a little bit about your self?"

I grimaced this was the part of being new I hated the most. I mean seriously, it's not like the kids gave a crap about me, and I sure as hell didn't give one about them. But there was not really any way of getting out of it so up to the front of the class for me. Fantastic.

Practically stomping to front of the room I began my speech, that no one cared about, but I kept it short.

"Hi. I'm Lia, and this is my 5th move in three years, and I just moved from here from New York City." And with that I took my seat, didn't care that everyone was watching, just sat in the only seat left that next to someone else. I kept my eyes on the desk and refused to look up, slowly the conversations started back again and forgetting me, thank god.

You see, I don't' get myself involved with people. Period. No acquaintances, no friends, and especially no boyfriends. When you move as much as I do, you learn that it's a lot less painful when you have no

connections to sever. Makes life easier. And although I was no loner, because no I did not carry a duffel bag, and think about the best way to blow up the school, I'd gotten used to not having friends.

Interrupting my thoughts was the sound of a door. I looked up, although I was one of the few. Huh. Weird.

"Late again Mr. Samuels." The teacher observed.

"Yeah, well, at least your used to it by now, right, Mr. Hartin?" he said. My eyes widened students did not get away with saying that to a teacher, especially no the way he said it.

But Mr. Hartin was even phased, he just simply gestured for him to take a seat. This made me even more astonished. Apparently this guy was bribing the teacher, or the teacher was so used to it didn't even matter even more. I gave him a once over. He dark, almost black hair, the kind that look messy in a purposeful way. Nice skin, light tan, ice blue eyes, that screamed mischief, cocky smile, and an stance that was made for sarcasm. He wore ripped jeans and white shirt with a leather jacket. He was the kinda guy that mothers warned their daughters

about, and the kinda guy who daughters automatically went after. He was bad boy sexy and he was heading my way.

He reached my seat and I gazed up at him, our eyes and I saw him give me the same once over, but I couldn't tell whether he liked or not. I knew wasn't ugly, but I hadn't paid much attention to what guys thought of me. I guess I had good hair it was thick slightly lighter than his, my eyes were green and my skin was the kind that was pale, and blushed easily.

Not breaking my gaze he murmured, "Your in my seat."

And that automatically broke whatever charm I thought he had. Way to ruin a moment.

"Oh, really?" I snapped.

"Yes, really." he said keeping his cocky tone.

I kept my voice level, "And what, exactly, are you planning on doing about it?"

He laughed, low and deep, in any other situation I would have considered it flirty, but I knew better.

"Me? Nothing. But you, on the other hand, you are going to move. Now." I came this close to slapping him. I swear I had my hand raised, arm pulled back ready to swing, until I noticed how many people were looking at us. Even the loners in the back seem mildly interested between this "disagreement" between the troublemaker and the new girl. Well, I wasn't about to give them a show. That would mean attention.

So I put down my arm, and lowered my voice even further. "Make me."

He smiled faded, realizing that I wasn't intimidated. Now it was my turn to smile, he wasn't used to being stood up to, people did what he wanted, just because they thought he was all badass. Ha! Who's the badass now?

He looked at me for one more moment, trying to figure out exactly what was going on in my mind, and for a moment I felt like he could, I felt like he could see right through me. See all my secrets, and my passions, and all my hates, I felt he could see my

soul. His eyes showed that mischief again, and whispered words, only I would be able to hear.

"Fine, you win, but don't get too comfy, Lia." These words didn't seem like a threat, in fact he had spoken them with a smile on his face, they seemed a simple statement. But something... something was bugging me about the words themselves. As I watched him walk away(very sexily, I might add) and I realized what it was, he had come in late. He had not heard my little introduction, he had not heard me tell everyone my name. So tell me then, how the hell did he know it?!

Adam's POV (Guy who was talking Lia, had mentioned his name yet.)

I noticed her the minute I walked in, and not only because she was in my seat. Not because she was new or beautiful (which she was). It was because she was so obviously blocking out the rest the world, she had put up mental wall, and the thing was she didn't even realize what she was doing. I never experienced anything like it, I couldn't get a read on her. By read I mean thoughts, emotions, feelings. No, I wasn't a

mind reader, well not exactly. I didn't here complete thoughts I just heard occasional sentences, if I got lucky often it was simply random words. But most of all I got emotions, I could feel when someone was annoyed, pleased, pissed, sad, happy, you name it I felt it, as my own emotions weren't enough to deal with. So when I didn't get a read on her, I guess you could say it surprised, but that would be an understatement.

Never had I not been able to read someone, not once. You think not being able to know what someone else was feeling might be a relief, but it just annoyed me. I wanted to know what was going inside her head. She had built this wall, but what was she protecting herself from?

So truthfully, me going over there so start an "argument" with her about the seat was just a cover up. Really, I could have cared less about the seat, really, what I wanted is to figure out her. I wanted to see if I could climb over that wall that was closing off her mind. And for a second I could.

There was this one brief moment when I look at her eyes, and felt what she was feeling. So many emotions were hit me at once, that I couldn't fully understand all of them. And then the moment was over. But one feeling stuck out from all the rest, but it wasn't even truly an emotion, it was the fierce protectiveness, a protectiveness over herself, refusing to let anyone get close to her. Why this was I didn't know, but I was going to find out.

This girl was a mystery, and she was one that I wanted to know everything about.

Chapter 2

Trick of the Mind (2) (Jealously already.)

Lia's POV

The minute the bell rang I was out of there. Unfortunately someone else was close behind. I felt a hand grab my arm, sending unexpected shivers up it. I spun around, to find my face an inch away from the guy who had just been arguing with me.

"Hey," he began, "Look, sorry about the whole seat thing, I didn't mean anything by it."

I snorted, "Oh really? Because it didn't look that way to me."

"No, look, really it was nothing I over reacted."

"Ya think?"

"Truly, I'm sorry, do you think maybe I could make it up to you over lunch? Meet just outside the cafeteria, in the courtyard?" His bored into mine, and I got that same feeling of being exposed, it was like being naked. His eyes seemed to pleading with me, begging practically, and I felt myself entranced. I noticed how close we were how his hand was touching my harm, and although my mind screamed no, do not make connections! My body was telling me very different things. I felt my mouth form the words, before I realized I was saying them.

"Sure I'll be there." My mind sighed disapprovingly, but my face smiled, and he smiled back.

"It's Adam, by the way," he said taking a gracious look over my body, which wasn't exactly covered, with a black tank top and tight jeans. He smile widened, "I'll see you later." And he walked away knowing I was doing the exact same thing to him as he had just done to me.

Adam's POV

I could feel her eyes on me as I walked away, and I didn't mind it one bit. There was more to this girl than just her mental block, she was intriguing. The more I talked to her and the more I looked at her the more I wanted to get to know her, and that wasn't going to be easy, it obvious she let few people in, and I'd been lucky to even get a shot, and I sure as hell wasn't about to screw it up.

I was snapped out my thoughts when I heard a sing songy voice call to me, "Adam! There you are!"

I groaned. Annoying ex- girlfriend had just spotted me, and I had no time to escape. Diana was making a beeline straight towards me, and by beeline I mean shoving anyone who got in the way of her path. When she finally reached me, she threw her arms around me squeezing me way too tight.

I pulled her off me and she pouted looking up at me. "I've been looking everywhere for you."

"Yeah, well I was busy."

"Talking to the new girl?" Her was voice tinted with jealousy. Apparently when I had dumped her, she had not gotten the picture.

"Like it matters to you?" How the hell did she know so fast? That was all of two minutes ago! Although, I guess in a high school, I should have known.

She frowned. "Maybe it should be."

Yep. Definitely had not gotten the picture. "Diana, you know--"

"Adam, I've been wanting to talk to you, can we go somewhere private?" she interrupted looking around.

"We've got class, Diana!" I snapped.

"That didn't stop you before." Her eyes sending signals. She had been referring to the times we had skipped class to go hook up in my car. I sighed, she was going to get me sooner or later, I might as well get it over with while I could miss science class.

"Lead the way."

"Great." She grabbed my hand and started pulling me out of the school.

Lia's POV

As I found my way to my next class, I couldn't help noticing the number of people looking at me. I thought it just might have been the whole new girl thing, especially in a small school like this, but it was more blunt than that. At least when your new people make of point of simply stealing glances, this was just flat out staring.

And it was starting to piss me off, but trying to keep it cool, I continued to hopelessly look for my next class. I was just about to give up when I heard a voice call from behind me.

"Lost?"

I spun around hoping it was Adam, only to find a different guy. He was tall, muscled, blond hair, brown eyes, and completely jock looking. I thought about ignoring him, but then realized since I already had everyone's attention, another person's wouldn't hurt.

"That obvious?" I responded begrudgingly.

"Well, it wouldn't be if you weren't holding you schedule like it was written in some foreign language." He laughed, showing straight white teeth.

"It might as well be, at least that would give me a reason for being late," I joked back.

He gave a knowing smile, and came over to me, "Maybe I could help you with that. What's your next class?"

I glanced down, partly because I didn't know what it was, but mostly because I didn't want him to notice me blushing. "Uhh... English, Ms. Larrette?"

"Great!" he smiled, "That's my next class too, I'll walk you there."

For the second time today, I found myself saying yes to things I wouldn't normally do.

Adam's POV

"Look, all I'm saying is that maybe we gave up too soon." Diana was saying, leaning dangerously close to me as she was trying to explain why we should get back together.

"Diana, we've been over this, I'm just not as "committed" as you," I said for about the thousandth time. Committed was just another word for clingy.

"Well, maybe I've changed my mind, maybe commitment isn't that big a deal for me anymore. Maybe I'm just in it for the fun." Her voice was full of suggestions.

"Don't you like having fun, Adam?" God when had she become such a slut? I mean, really, sure we'd done stuff back then, but it's not like she threw herself at me like now.

"Sure, but--"

She cut me off again, "Then what's the problem?"

I was about to tell her exactly what the problem was when, she attacked me. Okay, attack me wasn't exactly the right word. More like she grabbed my face and started kissing me. Her lips were hard desperate on mine, and I was too surprised to do anything just quite yet. But my first instinct was to kiss her back, and unfortunately instinct and hormones ruled over common sense.

Soon I was kissing her back, and if she was surprised she didn't show it, she put her hands on the back of my neck, and I slid mine down her waist. She pulled me closer and closer, until she moved her hands down to the front of my shirt, and pulled me down on top of her, and I didn't stop her.

Her hands moved down to the front of my shirt and started to pull it off, and I still didn't stop her. She pulled it over my head, her hands explored the lines of my chest, her mouth still never leaving mine. She moved her hands on to mine, and placed them on the top button of her shirt, I got the memo. I started unbuttoning her shirt, and soon it fell open. I began to move up, and to the back of her bra, and her hands to the button of my jeans, then I stopped. It hit my like a slap in the face.

Why was I doing this? I didn't want her. I had broken up with her, If I did this with her there would be strings attached, and I wasn't going to get tangled up in her web again. Abruptly, I pushed myself off of her.

"We're not doing this," I said gruffly looking for my shirt.

"Why not, you seemed to be enjoying this a minute ago!" she snapped, reaching more me, but I pointedly pushed her away.

"Yeah, well up until a minute ago, I wasn't thinking. Diana, get this into your head, we are not going to get back together. We are done. For good." I didn't really give a damn, that I'd just hurt her feelings, I shouldn't have been doing this in the first place, I didn't want to, and she knew that, but she went after me anyways. I found my shirt and pulled it on and climbed into the drivers seat of the car.

"Put your shirt back on, we're going back to school."

Lia's POV

The guy who walked me to English name was Luke. He was surprisingly nice, even though he was on the basketball team, and a total complete jock. As we walked into the classroom, I got flashed bitchy looks from many cheerleader type girls, which I bluntly

returned, surprising them. I laughed to myself and Luke looked at me questioningly.

"What's so funny?"

"Your friends."

He followed my gaze and saw the girls still shooting daggers at us. He rolled his eyes and sighed.

I punched him lightly, "Oh, don't pretend you don't like the attention."

"I don't, actually." He actually sounded sad about it

"Please don't tell me your about to give me the "I'm the star basketball player who could have any girl he ever wanted, but still feels so misunderstood bit," because I swear to god I will punch you." My face dead serious.

He looked at me surprised. "Your not kidding are you?"

"Do this face look like it's joking?"

He put up his hands defensively, "No it's not like that, I actually like most my friends, but I also see the hott blondes for who they really are."

I raised an eyebrow, I had not expected this from someone like him, "And exactly who are they?"

"Usually? Backstabbing bitches."

"At least we're on the same page." He glanced at me and laughed. I had no idea what was so funny, but his laugh was contagious, and soon the blond and her entire posse were glaring at us.

I nudged him still laughing, "I think we better cool it down a bit, or head bitch and her gang, just might come over here, and drag you over to the dark side."

He glanced at me meaningfully, "And we wouldn't want that would we?" A smile played flirtatiously across his lips.

For the first time in awhile, I thought maybe it wouldn't be so bad to make connections after all, and I returned the smile.

Class went by faster than expected, we kept talking through class, and you could practically see the steam coming out head blonde, as she stole glances at us.

As soon as the bell rang Luke and I got up together

"So what's your next class?"

I glanced back down at my schedule, "Uhhh..... History."

"Good."

I looked at him, "And why is that?"

His eyes flashed, "Because that's mine too."

"Good." I repeated.

"Lia, I think that we are going to get along very well this year." He smiled mischievously, like had some hidden secret.

"You do, huh? Why do you think that?"

"Just a hunch." Unexpectedly he threw an arm around my shoulders, and even more unexpectedly, I let him. I hoped head bitch blonde cheerleader was behind us.

Adam's POV

By the time I got back to school, I had missed science, and had to head to English. Diana had left the minute

the car parked, not heading back into school. Whatever. She was not my responsibility. I grabbed my books and got out of the car. The thing with Diana had been a mistake, she knew it and I knew it, but it didn't change it. All I wanted to do was forget about it, and I was planning on doing just that.

When I walked inside my thoughts turned to Lia, wondering what exactly I would say at lunch. Like I said before, this was more than just figuring out why I couldn't get into her head, she fascinated me in a way that a girl never had before.

She was more than just another hott body, she had a story, and you didn't get her, without her past.

Appearing almost as if she heard me was Lia. I smiled, until I saw some guys arm around her. I frowned when I saw who it was.

Luke.

Well things just got a hell of a lot more interesting.

Please comment! I want to know what u think! xD

Chapter 3

Trick of the Mind (3) (Two Brothers, One Girl, spells trouble.)

Lia's POV

Luke was telling me some joke just about as we were about to enter class, when he suddenly froze. I looked up at him curiously, and followed his eyes. Adam. My heart fluttered slightly, then I saw his face. He was NOT happy. I mean, it looked like he was ready to claw Luke's eyes out. He was staring at my shoulder, and realized Luke's arm was around me. Luke seemed to notice this too, and moved it, but not off me, he slid it down my waist and pulled me tighter. Too confused to really do anything about it, I let him.

After many moments of awkward silence, Adam finally stopped glaring, straightened himself, and said in low gruff voice, "Hi, Luke."

"Adam." Luke nodded, copying Adam's tone. They glared at each other, and I could practically see the testosterone in the air. They looked like they were about to beat their chests and fight each other. But they both stood their ground, it almost looked like they were having a conversation, one that could only be heard by them. Well, if they weren't going to include me in this incredulous stare down, I was going to leave.

As if hearing me Adam said; "Lia, wait."

I looked at him curiously, I hadn't even moved, yet he some how figured out I was leaving. Who was this guy? He new my moves before I made them, and called me by my name, when he hadn't been there to hear it. Was he observant, or was there something more to it? I let my thoughts trail off as I answered his questions.

"Give me one good reason why I should." He looked uncomfortable, and it was obvious he was trying

think of a sufficient reason, moving out of Luke's arms, I placed my hands on hips, and a smirk on my face. Without him answering, I turned on my heel and walked into the classroom, just as the bell rang.

I glided over to empty chair, and took my seat. I didn't look up as either one of them entered the room, but I knew they were both headed in my direction. Unfortunately for them, there was only one seat next to me.

Adam reached me first, but Luke was right behind him, both placed a hand on the seat next to me. Amused, I peered up at them. They were staring at each other with such intensity, it was frightening. Again, it looked as if they were having a conversation. Abruptly, Luke pulled the chair towards him. Adam pulled it back. They continued this several times, each pull getting jerkier and rougher, it scraped across the tiles with a high screechy noise. Finally the teacher had enough.

He stood up and narrowed his eyes at them, "Is there a problem, you two?"

Both them turned and answered at the same time,"No."

"Well then I strongly suggest both you take a seat before, there is one," he reprimanded.

Luke and Adam looked at each other a few more seconds, before Luke took his hand off and walked away, looking truly pissed about it.

Huh.

Adam's POV

Damn brother! That's right, brother. Luke was sadly my twin. Idiot. Luke and I good probably not be more different. He was Mr. Golden Boy, while I liked to be a little more... different, let's just say. There only are two things we did have in common, one was the whole emotion mind reading thing. You know all the stories, about twins being telepathic, or whatever? Well, in our case it's actually true, Luke is the only person who's thoughts I can hear 24/7. Unfortunately this means he can do the same. He has the same ability along with a full time view of my thoughts.

The second thing we have in common, is very recent: an interest in Lia. He had noticed her for the same reason I had, but just like me had grown to like her for her personality. Goddamn twin!

When we squared in the hallway, we had been mentally arguing.

Flashback:

I stared at Luke's arm, and then back at him.

Me: What the hell, Luke?! I sent mentally.

Luke: What? Your the only one who's allowed to have fun?

Me: What that's supposed to mean?

Luke: Oh please, as I couldn't hear you thinking about what happened between you and Diana.

Me: Fuck you, Luke! You know damn well that was mistake, and you know damn well that I don't want to have anything to do with her.

Luke mentally smiled devilishly: Yeah, sure, but how's that gonna sound when Lia hears it?

Me: Don't you dare tell her, you bastard!

He smirked. Luke: Well, let's see. You want her. I want her. And only one of us is going to get her. By telling her about it, there's more of a chance I'll get her. So give me one good reason why I shouldn't.

Me: Because I'll rip your head off, you idiot.

Luke: Not likely, you and I both know who would win in a fight.

I grimaced, this was not going to end well.

--

I glanced over at Lia, she wasn't paying attention. I couldn't tell whether she was purposefully ignoring me or simply distracted. I tried to get a read on her, but like usual she was blocking. Damn, could this girl be more frustrating.

Lia's POV

I felt him staring at me, before I saw him. I looked back at him, and he didn't look away. In fact, he stared me straight in the eye, not at all embarrassed that I had caught him. Okay, weird much?

"What?!" I exclaimed keeping my voice in a whisper so the teacher wouldn't hear me.

He smiled, "You're just..." he searched for the right word. "Fascinating, that's all."

Fascinating? Seriously? I look at him with a peculiar look, and he just kept smiling his innocent smile

"Um... Thank you?" I asked.

He laughed. "You're welcome." He was silent for a moment, then a impish look crossed his face, "Hey you wanna get out of here?"

I raised an eyebrow, "What? We have class!"

"So? C'mon let's leave right after this, I decided lunch is too long to wait to talk to you.."

"It's my first day!"

"Exactly. Your new. Teachers are gonna let you off the hook, because of it, besides you could just say your sick."

I paused for a moment, "What about you?"

He looked at me incuriously, then he saw my serious face, "Your not joking?"

I shook my head.

"Well, let's just say, my teachers won't mind." He laughed.

I thought about this for a moment not quite sure if it was the right idea. But considering how reckless I was being today, I might as do a good job of it.

"Why the hell not," I answered.

He grinned.

Luke's POV

I can't believe him! He couldn't just make her leave like that! I mean who didn't he think he was? It was one thing to have a lunch with her, but another to spend the entire day with her. He wasn't playing fair, but then, why should I?

I sent a message to Adam. Me: If your gonna play like that, then there are no rules in this chase.

Adam: One step ahead of you.

Me: Not for long.

Adam: Oh really, what do you have in mind?

I felt him searching for it, racking my brain for information, I purposefully, kept it out of his reach.

Me: You'll see, you'll see.

He was silent for a moment, and then asked a question that surprised me.

Adam: Why are you chasing her, Luke? What's the point.

Truthfully, I wasn't sure. At first, it had been her block, but after one class, I was amazed how much I actually liked her.

Purposefully avoiding the question, I answered: Why are you?

He was clearly annoyed, but he still responded: You know just as well as I do, that she's the only person that we've never been able to get a read on--

I cut him off: So, that's it? You just want to use her, to figure out why she can block us? I scowled.

Adam: Of course not! You don't get it, there's something about her, that isn't like other people, and it's more than just her block. You probably wouldn't understand.

Me: You have no idea how much I understand.

I spent the rest of class, ignoring him, trying to block out every single thought he had, especially the ones about her. Finally the bell rang. Adam whispered something in Lia's ear. She giggled, and nodded. He took her hand, and pulled her towards the door. I stared at them with glowering eyes, just before she was pulled out the door, she caught my eye and gave a quick apologetic smile. Then she was gone. With him.

Lia's POV

I laughed as Adam pulled me out the door. He said he had a surprise for me, and I was dying to know what it was, at the same time I felt a pang of guilt. Luke had looked really disappointed when we left. It's as if I was letting him down in some way, and yet I had no idea what exactly I had done to hurt him. Maybe Adam knew.

"Hey, um... Adam?" I asked.

"Mhmmm?" he said starting the engine of his car.

"Do you know Luke very well?" I questioned tentatively.

He turned to me with stone cold eyes. He paused, and the slowly said, "Yes, he's my brother, why?"

I nodded. Then it hit me. Brother?!! Luke. Adam. Brothers. What kind of sick twisted joke was this?! "Y-you're b-brothers?!"

"Twins, actually."

Oh great! They're twins. Yeah real fantastic, this is exactly what every girl wanted on their first day of school.

"Why?" he repeated.

"Why what?" I asked.

"Why did you want to know?" He didn't seem to happy about it.

"I... Well... When we were leaving he just didn't look to happy about it, and I didn't quite understand it, I

mean he seemed to like me just fine before we left. And then all of sudden, it was like I did something to offend him."

Adam frowned contemplating something. It was a minute before he answered. "It's not you, Lia. Don't worry."

"What is it then?"

He looked me straight in the eye. "He and I are not exactly on the same page right now, we're disagreeing over something."

I looked at him questioningly. "Really? What?"

He kept looking me straight in the eye, as if they held some hidden secret. I didn't brake contact, just stared back.

Then he kissed me. It was so sudden, I didn't really see it coming. But all of his sudden his lips were moving on mine. So intense, that it I couldn't help kiss him back. A soft moan escaped his mouth, and he pulled me closer. He wrapped arms around my waist and pressed me against his chest. I moved my hands up his neck and into his hair. He pulled me

onto his lap, and his lips moved down my neck and along my collar bone, I let out a sigh of happiness. His lips found mine again, moving hard and slow against my mouth. When we finally broke apart we were both breathless.

I moved my head back slightly and looked at him, he looked back, and whispered. "You."

Chapter 4

Trick of the Mind (4) (what you get for plaing games)

Adam's POV

I waited for her reaction, having no idea what it was. It was so incredulously frustrating to have no read on her, if I could read her I would be able to understand some of here feelings at least. That would give some heads up on whether or not I should be worrying about my face getting hit.

She pulled back, a little more, but stayed on my lap, and let me leave my hands on her waist. She wasn't looking at me anymore, but out the window, thinking.

Finally she said something, "You and Luke. Are fighting. Over me?" Each word was like a struggle for her like she couldn't completely wrap her mind around it.

"Yes." I answered truthfully.

"But, why?" While saying this she finally moved off my lap, and slid over to her side of the car.

I bit my lip, I couldn't exactly tell her that one of the reasons was be cause of her block. First of all, she probably wouldn't believe and I think I was some kind of freak. Then secondly, she'd probably go telling someone, which would not be good, for me or Luke.

"Multiple reasons." I answered avoiding the question.

"Examples?" She furthered.

I sighed and ran a hand through my hair. This was a conversation I was purposefully trying to avoid, but seeing that is was near impossible...

"Well, obviously, I like you, and Luke feels the same."

She thought about this for a minute. I could feel her protecting herself even more, trying to make sure that no one could reach her.

Lia's POV

Hearing Adam's words, just made me feel worse and worse. I knew it was bad to get know people, I knew it and did it anyways! What the hell was wrong with me? Because of braking my one single freaking rule, I had just turned two brothers against each other. What the hell had come over me? What was it about these guys that made me want to brake all the rules so bad? I had never wanted someone like this so bad before. And now all of a sudden I had two someones! Lucky me.

"Adam..." I began, "Maybe this isn't right, maybe we sh-"

He cut me off, "Lia, truthfully there's no point in trying to stop either of us from going after us, because, hate to break it to you, but it's not going to work." He sounded so confident to sure of himself, so positive that nothing I could to would make him give up. I wondered if he was right.

"But Adam, he's your brother, for god's sake! I don't want to come in between you and him." I exclaimed, by now we had left school, and were heading to some unknown place.

He glanced over me and frowned. "Look Lia, you are not the first thing that has come between my brother and me, and you won't definitely be the last. So if your worried your screwing up mine and his relationship: don't. Because honestly, it doesn't really exist."

Whoa. That was kinda harsh. Especially to say about your brother. But Adam looked completely unphased, as if he could to terms with the fact he and his brother would probably never be close. Sad. We sat in silence for several minutes.

Finally he spoke, "What are you thinking?"

I smiled grimly, "You don't really wanna know."

He laughed forcefully, "I wouldn't be so sure about that..."

I was silent again. "Are you gonna answer or not?" he asked.

"I'm thinking about it, but I honestly don't think your gonna like hearing it."

"I think I can handle it."

I glanced over at his profile, the sun was shining through the window, and he look so serene, almost like a dream, like if I blinked he would be gone.

"I thinking about my options." I responded.

"What kind of options?"

"Options do with you and Luke." His expression didn't change.

"And what did you come up with." I didn't really want to answer this, but he said he could handle it.

"The way I look at it, I have one of four options. One: I simply do nothing, zip, zero, nada. I let you two work it out by yourselves. If one you decides to back down, fine. If both of you decide to back down; fine."

I paused and he used this moment to speak, "What if neither of us decides to back down?"

"Well, I hadn't that far ahead yet." I admitted.

He laughed. "Okay, what's the second choice?"

"The second choice would be me to choose you." He was quiet at this for a bit, and then answered.

"Okay, what's the third choice?"

"The third choice would be for me to choose Luke."

His pause was even shorter this time, "And the fourth?"

"My fourth choice, is to stay out of both your lives completely. Ignore you guys, not talk to you, not look at you, not even realize you're there. Maybe switch classes if that's what it took."

He frowned deeply at this answer, "I don't like number four. At all. Plus it wouldn't work anyways" That's what he thought.

I shrugged, "I figured you wouldn't."

"So which one are you leaning towards the most?"

"Honestly?"

"Honestly."

"I have no idea."

Adam's POV

This information was kind of overwhelming. It was great I was finally getting access to her mind, even if it was vocal, but maybe she right, maybe I didn't want to hear all her thoughts.

But I wasn't about to let that get in the way o f our afternoon, if anything I was only going to persuade her more.

I pulled into any empty clearing. "Come on, we're close to your surprise."

She didn't say anything, but opened her door, and got out. I walked over to her and cautiously took her hand. She let me. I wasn't sure if it was because she was too busy thinking to notice much, or because she wanted me to, I hope it's the second.

I pulled her through a path, into an opening. This was one my favorite spots. It was a secluded pond that hardly anyone knew about. It was quiet and beautiful. Wild grass and flowers sprouted up all around it. It was surrounded by trees, and in other

words perfect. I heard a small gasp come from Lia, as she saw it.

"It's..." she began.

"I know." She looked up at me and smiled. A pure genuine smile, a smile that took the sadness out of her eyes, that eased the tension in her face, it made her even more beautiful than she already was.

"You like it?" I asked.

She nodded. "It's amazing."

"Yeah, it is. It's the perfect place to come if you just wanna escape. You know, get away from everyone. Everything."

"I know what you mean."

I looked at her for a moment thoughtful. "You really do, don't you?"

She glanced up curiously, "What do you mean?"

"I mean, you get the whole escaping thing, a lot of people don't. They don't understand how some could just want get away, forget everything, and just relax."

She nodded. "Your right, sometimes I just need a breather."

"Why is that?" I questioned.

"Why is what?"

"That you understand." I truly wondered, a lot of people thought they knew, but they didn't.

"It's because all those thoughts, emotions, drama and dress kinda just wear you down. And not only that, but your past tends to haunt you, along with your future."

I smiled. "what exactly do you mean, your future?"

"Everyone is always has all these expectations for you, including yourself, and sometimes it feels like you won't ever live up to those expectations."

"Exactly, you know your one of the few people, who think actually get that?"

She laughed, "Oh, really?"

"Yes, really." I said dead serious.

"Then I guess I'm just special."

I looked down at her, and just as serious, "Yes, you are."

She looked slightly uncomfortable at that comment so, I tried to lighten the mood. "Hey why don't we go swimming?"

She scoffed, "Swimming, we don't have our swimsuits!"

"So?"

"So, I'm not going swimming in my clothes!"

"Go in your underwear."

She looked at me appalled. "You can't be serious?"

"As a heart attack."

"I'm not going to go swimming in my underwear!"

"Why the hell not?"

"Because I'm not about to half naked with a guy I just met!"

"Why? You just kissed a guy you just met."

"You kissed me!"

"Maybe, but you kissed me back."

She blushed at that. She thought for a moment. "I guess it's not really any different than swimming in a swimsuit, right?"

I smile with victory. "No, not it all."

"Okay fine." And she began pulling off her clothes. First her shoes, revealing small delicate feet. Then her jeans, showing off her gorgeously long legs, and finally her top to expose a flat stomach, and her perfect chest. Damn, she was sexy. Her body was filled dangerous curves, and it was almost impossible to look away.

She put her hands on her hips and looked at me expectantly, which I didn't notice because I was too busy raking my eyes over her body.

"I'm not swimming alone! Strip!" I did.

Soon we were both in the water, laughing, splashing each other. Somehow we ended up side by side floating.

Lia's POV

So there we were side by side floating, and it felt... comfortable. I didn't have to pretend to be anything I wasn't around him, it was natural as breathing. Then a not so comfortable thing popped into my head. Feeling awkward, I started swimming back to shore.

Adam called, "Hey, where are you going?"

I didn't answer just kept going, I heard him follow me. When I reached the shore, I stood and walked a bit till I found a sunny spot, he came and sat next to me.

"Hey," he said, "What was just leaving? Something wrong?"

I didn't answer, "How did you know my name?"

"What?!" He asked confused.

"You weren't there. You didn't hear me. How could you know?" every word came out as if it were a struggle.

"Hear you when? Know what? Lia what are you talking about?"

I sat up and looked him straight in the eye. "You were late. You were not there. You were not there when I introduced myself. You were not there when I said my name. Yet, five minutes later, you called me by it. So unless you have some magical power, there is no freaking possible way you could have known my name so, how the hell did you?"

He cringed, "I.... uh... You..." He was so obviously searching for answer, one lie that he thought I was innocent enough to accept. Well, too damn bad.

"Don't even try to come up with I lie, because I'll know, Adam. Why is it so hard to just tell how you know?"

He looked at with fear and desperation in his eyes. He looked at me so longingly, as if he wanted to tell me a secret he that wasn't his to tell.

"It's not like that, Lia. I don't want to lie to you, but by telling you the truth, it would hurt more than me, and I'm not willing to risk that."

"But I won't tell anyone, I swear."

"I just can't take that risk, it's not safe."

"Goddamnit! Adam, it's just my fucking name! What's so fucking dangerous about telling me you knew?!" I threw my hands up in the air incredulously.

"What's so dangerous?! What's so dangerous?!" He was yelling now. He grabbed my arms and held them tight as if he would shake me. "You have no idea."

"Maybe I would if you would tell what's a risk!"

"Don't you think I would if I could, Lia? Don't you think that?!" That was a pretty could answer, but I was too stubborn to give up, so I took a weak shot.

"Let go of me!" I said angrily.

"No, you need to understand that I can't tell you and if I let you go, you'll just leave."

I shoved against him, struggling to break free. He just pinned me down. His hands on my wrists. His body pressed against mine, skin smother skin. His face inches from mine. Anger still filled our bodies, but anger is so closely related to passion.

Our lips crushed the others at the same moment. His hands no longer became restraints, but moved all

along my body, down my stomach, my butt, my thigh, and finally behind my knee. He rest there for a moment while, our lips meshed, they got deeper and deeper. A cool hand touched my neck, making me gasp, and his tongue found entrance to my mouth. He let out a moan, and pulled up my leg behind him. His mouth moved along my neck and down my collarbone, I breathing was heavy and my hand clutched his head to me. His lips found mine again, and he turned over, so I was on top of him, his hand resting on my butt. I moved my hands along the planes of his chest, and he held me tighter, until he moved up to the back of my bra. He hooked it and I let him, his hands moved to my chest and he moaned again.

I was so wrapped up in him, I didn't hear the footsteps, but I heard the voice.

"What the fuck!?"

We broke apart, and I looked up.

It was Luke.

Chapter 5

Trick of the Mind (5) (Getting even)

Adam POV

Of course. I shouldn't have expected anything different. Not from Luke. He had an uncanny ability to show up at the wrong places at the wrong times. Well, maybe it wasn't so uncanny. Lia pushed herself off me cheeks flaming red, scrambling around for her bra, but I pushed her behind me, shielding her from Luke, who just happened to be standing next to it. He picked it up and tossed at her, she turned an even darker red, and hurriedly put it on. What a shame.

When Luke finally tore his eyes away from her, they shot bullets at me. Mental ones.

Luke: Just what the hell do you think your doing?!

Me: Enjoying myself until you got here.

Luke: You should not be having this much fun with a girl you just met.

Me: It's not like she was stopping me, Luke. I'm pretty damn sure she was enjoying it too. And it's not like you wouldn't have done the exact same thing given the chance.

Luke: I wouldn't have taken advantage of her like that!

Me: If I was taking advantage of her, then she was taking just as much advantage of me.

Luke: Bullshit! You're just using her.

Funny, I thought he was doing the same.

Me: How do you know, Luke. Huh? There's nothing to be read there, nothing to feel, because we can't. And for once, I'm wish it wasn't like that, because then you could actually see that she wanted what we were

doing just as much as I did. If you want to try to prove me wrong, go right ahead. Ask her. I dare you.

He was silent at that, but I could still hear his sub thoughts. They rambled on something like this: Bastard!... I should too...can't.... what if she did....asshole!... wish I could read...not playing fair...but not over yet... damn brother.

Somewhere during all of that Lia broke in.

"Luke, I'm sorry, but are you going to say something or you just going to stand there and glare at your brother?"

First I felt surprise in him, at the fact that she knew we were twins, then slight anger, but I didn't have to feel his emotions to know them, they were displayed evidently across his face.

He looked at her with a great sadness and disappointment in his eyes. Of betrayment and confusion. And she saw it too. I could feel her body stiffen up as the guilt of the act registered.

And he only said one word, "Lia." He turned his back, and started walking back down the path, and only I heard the words, that showed what he really meant.

Luke: This game's not over, until one player can't play anymore.

Lia's POV

I watched Luke walk away with horror. All of things that could have gone wrong this was probably the worse. I suspected we might get detention for cutting, at the most suspension, but I would have gladly taken that over what just happened.

I could still feel the embarrassment on my cheeks as Adam turned to me.

"Sorry about that." He looked at apologetically. Sorry? He was saying sorry?

I looked at him for a moment not quite sure what to say. "It's my fault." I whispered the words, because they were true. It's all my fault they were like this, they were fighting. If I had only follow my one fucking rule, none of this would have happened.

He gently took my face in his hands, bring my eyes to his. "No, this is not your fault."

I pulled away and stared furiously at the ground, "How is it not?! If I hadn't gotten to known either of you then none of this would have happened! So it's completely my fault!."

He shook his head calmly, "Luke and I have never been close, we've always had something we're disagreeing about, this time it just happens to be you."

"Oh, and that's supposed to make me feel, better?!"

"Yes it is, because none of this was your fault, we were going to end up arguing about you whether or not you got involved with us, we would have found a way in."

"I could have stayed away better."

"Maybe, but truthfully we both would have gotten to you at some point, and there was nothing you could have done to stopped that, this would have happened sooner or later, and as it turns out that just happened to be sooner."

I scowled, not believing him, "He hates me, and he has every right to."

Adam sighed. "No, he doesn't, no matter how much I wish he did, he does not hate you."

"Then why was he looking at me like that?!" I exclaimed.

"Because he's disappointed."

"Disappointed! That's worse, god, I'm such an idiot!" I threw my hands up exasperatedly.

"Look, Lia he's not exactly disappointed with you, more at you... if that makes any sense," he tried to explain.

"it doesn't. They're the same thing." I groaned.

"No, no they're not. You see his disappointed because he didn't get to you first, he's disappointed in himself, and mad at me. There is no blame on you."

"How do you know that?" I whispered.

"What?"

"How did you get all that when he didn't even say anything, how did you know he was feeling that."

Adam paused. 5 seconds. 15. 30. A minute. Finally he answered, "I've spent my entire life with Luke, I've learned to read him, to understand what he is thinking without him telling me. Sometimes I don't even have to look at him, I just know."

I didn't say anything just looked at him blankly. Maybe he was right, maybe Luke isn't disappointed in me. Maybe I shouldn't be. But I am.

"I think we should head back to school now."

Luke's POV

Should have goddamned known. Turn my back for all of five seconds, and he's already in her pants. Leave it to Adam. I turned up the radio in my car. I was speeding down a 25 mph street, not giving a shit about it anything. Or at least trying not to.

My mind kept returning to the beautifully disgusting scene I had walked in on. Lia. Adam. Naked skin. Bodies entangled. I cringed. I wasn't going to let this

stop me. One hook up didn't change my determination. Only strengthened it.

Lia was just not a toy to play with. Her mind singled her out from anyone I had ever known. In more the ways than one. If Adam got to her first, I knew I would never be able to be close to her. He would keep her from me. As I would from him. I needed to talk to her. Soon.

I pulled into the school parking lot. Students were pouring out of the doors, racing for the perfect spot on this sunny day for lunch. I parked in my usual spot, glancing in my rear view mirror, I saw Adam's car pull in. Perfect.

She jumped out of the car before he could even move and was off. She rushed into the school, barely avoiding possible run ins along the way. Was she mad? Upset? If so with who? Me? Hope not. Herself? Definite possibly. Adam? God help us all.

But it was nothing I wouldn't be there to cure. Better not attack her immediately though. Give her a few minutes, act like I wasn't following her, just curiously concerned. Yeah. Right. I waited a few more minutes

and then got out of the car. I walked casually and at normal pace to the door, while I really wanted to sprint. But I kept my cool, acted like I had all the time in the world, nodded to all the right people, smiled at those who craved it, but I saved my words for her.

Approaching her locker I saw something that was more than slightly annoying. Derrek. Of course. I probed his mind trying to figure out his intentions, and was not disappointed. Derrek, man, save it for the blonde bitches who will actually eat your shit up. I shook my head, Derrek was my supposed friend, but god was he thick. Not to mention conceited, oblivious and flirting with anything with boobs, he was not exactly someone I liked to waste my time on.

I listened in on their conversation trying to figure out what exactly were his ridiculously cheesy lines he was trying to pass off as wit this time.

"So you I heard your new here, and from lookin' at you, you must be from pretty damn far, 'cause I hear out of this world aint that close," he drawled leaning against the locker next to hers.

I bit back a scoff. Really?

Lia looked like she wanted to punch him and was having a hard time restraining herself, and Derrek being the idiot he is didn't get it.

"Was that supposed to be a pick up line?" she asked plainly not even sparing him a glance.

This time I did laugh, thank god I was far enough away they could hear me.

He just grinned, "Pretty good, eh?"

She closed her locker, with a little too much force. Turned to him slowly, "Your kidding right?"

A confused look crossed his face, "Uh... no?" He was actually intimidated! Ha! Gotta hand it to the girl.

"Really? God, your even more pathetic than I thought you were," she said. Not even really to him, just a true statement.

"You wouldn't be saying that if you spent some time with me," he said suggestively. Coming closer to her. I tensed up, automatically wanting to stop him. Relax! I told myself, She's not yours to protect. Besides she can fend for herself. I stayed where I was.

"I doubt it," she answered her voice not faltering keeping that same sarcastic, I-dare-you-to tone.

"Come on, new girl, gimme a chance, I promise you won't be disappointed." He dared to move even closer, this time putting both hands on the locker, so her face was between them, his body pressed dangerously close to hers.

"Not even one, get the hell out of my way," she breathed, her tone finally turning threatening.

"Don't be like that, baby..." he trailed off his face getting closer to hers....

I didn't even think about it, I sprinted toward them. I wrenched Derrek off her, spun him around and slammed him against the wall.

"What the fuck?" he shouted, then he saw who had just knocked the crap out of him, "Luke?! Man, just what the hell do you think your doing?!" he spat incredulously.

I looked him evenly in the eye, "Funny, I was just about to ask you the same thing."

Derrek, of course didn't understand, "Huh? What are you talking about?"

I came so close to punching him, but I figured if I broke his jaw then he wouldn't be able answer me, "The new girl, Lia, just what exactly did you think you were doing?"

"Aw, that man? Psh, I was just messing around--" I cut him off.

"Well, don't."

"Jeez, what's up your ass?"

"Nothing," I replied darkly, "Just don't mess with people who don't want to be messed with."

"Okay, okay, dude chill, I'll back off!"

"Good." I let go of his shirt and he quickly scrambled away.

I turned around to face Lia, except she wasn't there. My eyes searched for her, until I found her. The back of her head swimming in a crowd of students. I quickly caught up to her.

"You sure gotta away fast, am I really that frightening?" I joked, trying to make the mood light.

She glanced at me with sad, guilty eyes, and my smile broke. "Why are you being nice to me?" Wow, she didn't waste time did she?

"Should I not be?" We were still walking, and had reached the doors that lead outside, I pushed them open. The light seemed to bright for mood of our conversation. I walked over to one of favorite spots on campus, an old oak tree, just secluded enough that you could watch other people, without them seeing you. I sat down, surprisingly, she joined me.

"Of course! You should be hating me right now! Not saving me from conceited creeps. I don't deserve it." What I would give to see inside her head....

"And why is that?" She stared at me, her eyes saying 'are you really that stupid?' Possibly, guess we'll see.

"Your not m-mad? Ab-about me and Adam?" Her mouth forming words she wished to believe, but didn't.

I smiled sadly, "Not mad, just disappointed, and not at you."

Her mouth dropped open. She looked down at her lap, and muttered something like, "Adam was right..." But I couldn't be sure.

She turned to me all of a sudden, "Why?"

I furrowed my eyebrows with confusion, "What?"

"Why me, what is it about me that you two are so interested in? Honestly, I'm nothing special, nothing at all." How wrong she was, and how she would never know the truth. And how bad I wanted to tell her, because truthfully, she deserved it. But people can't be trusted. Not even people like her. Because this secret is only safe with those who own it. Once was all it took to prove that statement true.

"There are many answers to that question," and that was the truth, "but for me at least, the main was is I want to get know you, your so different than anyone I've known, I just want know more," that was true too...mostly.

"How could you have possibly known that?! How? I've known you for not even a day, and you're already so interested! It doesn't make sense!"

"Maybe not, but what does? Why can't we just get to know each other see how things turn out? What's so wrong with that?"

Lia's POV

A lot. More than you know. But looking into his eyes I couldn't help but want to make him happy, and this would. I know it would. So instead I said, "Nothing, I guess."

His smile was so bright it almost hurt. "Great, how about starting now?"

"I don't see why not."

If possible his smile got even bigger. "I'll go buy us some lunch. Be right back."

As he left, I felt eyes on me. I looked up and scanned the crowd. Across the quad I found Adam's gaze meet mine, and it was not a warm one. It was one that

said, 'Luke may have forgiven you, but that doesn't mean I will.' I looked away. Fan-freaking-tastic.

About the Author

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